

THE
LAUREL
CONTAINING
VARIOUS BRANCHES
OF
POETRY.

Quid pascit Vates? quid orat? —

Hor. Ode 31.

Mæcenat! —

*—Si me Lyricis Vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam Sidera Vertice!*

Ibid. Ode 1.

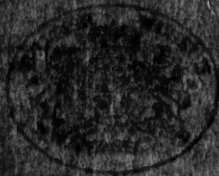
L O N D O N :

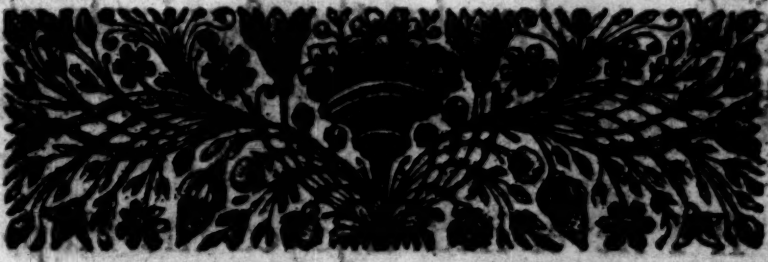
Printed for G. WOODFALL, at the *King's-Arms,*
Charing-Cross.

(Price Two Shillings.)

44

7 25
690





To the Right Honourable

Philip Earl of Chesterfield.

My Lord,

IF your Lordship shall
deign to look at the
trivial Essays exhibited
in this little Book, I
have not the Vanity to hope you
will approve them; yet this I can
assure your Lordship, I shall think
myself

myself more honoured by your
Censures, than by the Applause of
the Multitude.

If I never had enjoyed the Hap-
piness of your Lordship's Company
and Conversation, the universal
Esteem in which your Judgment
is held by the World, would alone
have induced me to chuse your
Lordship for my Patron; and a-
mongst the many *Laurels* laid
at your Feet, I should have taken
the Liberty to devote *Mine*.

But, my Lord, I can with Truth
boast the Felicity of being known
to your Lordship; and beg Leave
to declare, that (though I may
now

now plead Youth in Behalf of my Errors) your Lordship has condescended to take some Notice of me, when I was much younger.

Notwithstanding those valuable and envied Advantages, my Diffidence will not, at present, permit me to discover myself any further, than by professing that I am, and shall be whilst I live,

*Your Lordship's humblest,
and sincerest Servant,*

The AUTHOR.

now plead Youth in Behalf of my
Errors) Your Lordship has con-
descended to take some Notice of
me, when I was much younger.

Notwithstanding those valuable
and envied Advantages, my Dis-
crepancy will not at present permit
me to discover myself any further,
than by professing that I am, and
shall be whilst I live,

Your Lordship's humblest,
and sincerest Servant,

The Author.



THREE
PASTORALS.

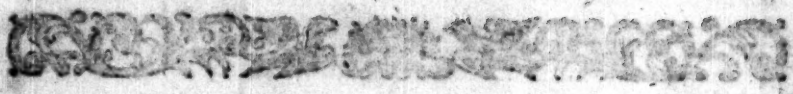
Written *Ann. Dom.* 1747.

— *Nunc Ego* —

Aggrestem tenui meditabor Arundine Musam.

VIRGIL.



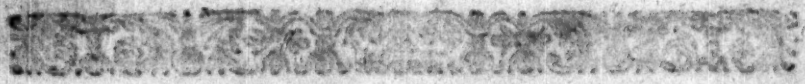


THEE

PASTORALS.

Written Ann. Dom. 1747.

—Thine Ego—
highest tenet mediator Arminian Mufam.
VIRGIL.



When all fair Nature's Features look'd quite gay,

~~When all fair Nature's Features look'd quite gay,~~

By turns, these Ruricks thus agreed to sing.

The Season of the Year, they made their Theme.

SPRING

The first Pastoral Essay.

My artless Sonnet, thro' thy Pow'r Divine

Shall, as it's Length increases, still refine

I teach me with grateful Liberty to sing

THE ARGUMENT.

Palemon, Coridon, and Daphnis rejoicing at the Approach of *Summer*, meet by Appointment to enjoy one another's Company and Conversation. *Daphnis* and *Coridon* by turns chaunt the Praises of the Season; but at last, coming to high Words about the Merits of their several Mistressess. — They are reconciled and parted by the friendly Interposition of old *Palemon*.

WYLLIS ON THE MELLOW REED I DARE TO DRAWE

And chaunt thy Praise in a grateful Lay!

DAPHNIS and *Coridon* where Shepherd Swains,
Had both their Cots and Herds on *Maurus's* Plains;
And both were skill'd to tune melodious Strains.
Clear was the Air; and *Phœbus* thrond on high
Diffus'd his cheerful Influences thro' the Sky;
Smiling he shone upon the drooping Elms
(Which bent with heavy Drops from late fall'n Show'rs)
And deck'd with glittering Sparks the vernal Bow'rs;

When all fair Nature's Features look'd quite gay,
And the whole Scene bespoke th' Approach of May,
On a green Bank, beside a silent Stream

By turns, these Rusticks thus agreed to sing.

The Season of the Year, they made their Theme,
And whilst they sung, *Palemon* touch'd the String.

DAPHNIS.

Aid, oh propitious Muse! my swelling Throat,
And harmonize each rude, ungraceful Note!

My artless Sonnet, thro' thy Pow'r Divine

Shall, as it's Length increases, still refine;

Teach me with grateful Energy to sing

These blooming Sweets, gay Harbingers of Spring!

Let my smooth Accents like this Riv'let glide,

Yet vary'd as the Flow'rs which grace its Side.

Grant this bright Songstress! and I vow to be

An everlasting Votary to thee!

CORIDON.

Me, splendid *Rhæbus*, and my Voice inspire,

With sweetest Numbers, and divinest Fire!

Whilst on my mellow Reed I strive to play

And chaunt thy Praises in a grateful Lay!

DAPHNIS.

Give me the Victory, Muse! If I succeed,

Two vocal Swans before thy Shrine shall bleed!

CORIDON.

To my bold Pray'r O! Son of *Jove* incline!

This rural Pipe, and all my Songs are thine!

PALEMON.

PALEMON.

Begin then Boys! your pious Tasks pursue!
First *Coridon*, proceed! then *Daphnis*, you!

CORIDON.

Now tow'ring Larks salute the purple Morn,
Whilst tuneful Linnets whistle from each Thorn.
The wanton Sparrows gayly chirp around
And woo their feather'd Charmers with the Sound.
Thro' the wide Woodlands busily they roam,
And for their future Brood provide a Home.
By wond'rous Instinct led, they range the Sky,
And catch the floating Feathers as they fly.
These to their Nests, along the pathless Air
They swift convey, to warm their unfledg'd Care,
And in each Act, a Pow'r Supreme declare!

DAPHNIS.

Now great *Apollo* genial Warmth distills,
And all the pregnant Earth with Fatness fills.
Now silent morning Dews their Moisture shed:
And gentle Show'rs call forth the op'ning Seed.
Whilst gaudy Daisies paint the Meads around,
And rising Snow-Drops break the yielding Ground.
The Crocus and the cluster'd Primrose blow,
The Banks with Pinks and purple Violets glow,
And thro' the balmy Air a thousand Odours flow.
These shall anon employ my weaving Care,
And form a Garland for my gentle Fair.
But, when the Summer thickens all the Groves,
I'll pluck the Woodbines, which my *Love* loves.

Far more than Pink or Rose, — for sweeter they
Than all the other Beauties of the May.

CORIDON.

My *Pastorella* loves the curling Vine
Whose twisted Leaves around her Temples twine,
And easy to be bent, encircling there,
Inwreath'd with Myrtles, which her Fondness share,
The pliant Tendrils bind her filken Hair!
Soon with my pruning Knife I'll crop the Stem,
And of its tenderest Shoots a Wreath I'll frame;
Nor shall I grieve to spoil my fruitful Trees,
So my fond Toil may *Pastorella* please;
But Vines and fragrant Myrtles interwove,
Shall deck the Temples of my artless Love.

DAPHNIS.

My beauteous *Phæbe* needs no Ornament,
Herself a Masterpiece by Nature meant;
Yet short-liv'd Flowers the Charmer loves to wear,
And Lillies on her panting Breast does bear,
—How languid to the native Whiteness there!
Her Temples too with Jels'mine Twigs she binds
To guard her Tresses from the boist'rous Winds.
—But when I meet her Kisses; as she breathes
More Sweets her Mouth emits, than myrtle Wreaths;
Or py'd Carnations, or the damask Rose,
Or th' odoriferous Violet can disclose.
Then such divine Perfumes enrich the Air
As wafting Gales thro' Groves of Spices bear!
Sweeter by far than Woodbines after Rain,
Or panting Heifers on the dewy Plains.

CORIDON;

CORIDON.

My Shepherdess is kind as she is fair;
 And when the Warmth of Summer clears the Air,
 My Task shall be, to seek at rising Morn
 The callow Sky-Larks in the flanding Corn.
 A Nest of these, the last unlucky Year,
 I fondly promis'd to present my Dear!
 The Debt I own has now too long been due,
 Fair *Pastorella*, from my Love to you!
 But shall not long remain unpaid,—for soon
 As the next Month displays its waining Moon,
 I'll watch the Warbler when he wings his Way,
 And make his Nestlings and his Nest a Prey.
 The Offering paid.—She shall reward my Toils,
 With Looks endearing, and with gentle Smiles.

DAPHNIS.

My *Phœbe* bears a Sheep-Hook wrought by me
 (The Joint I lop'd from yon large Hazel Tree)
 With Flow'rs and Leaves I carv'd the yielding Woods.
 Here,—jolly *Beetles* his dear Tun bestrode,
 There cluster'd Gosses beneath their Foliage hung,
 And in another Place fam'd *Orpheus* sung.
 Round him fierce Tygers tamely listening stood,
 And at his Side sprung up a vocal Wood.
 The curving Steel o'er all refulgent glow'd!

CORIDON.

This Scrip for me, my *Pastorella* wrought,
 See with what various Figures it is fraught.
 —Judge! — *Daphnis*.

DAPHNIS.

Shepherd, I see—yet, can your Nymph disclose
 No Work but what my charming Fan out does!
 This Belt for *Me*, the lovely *Phoebe* made;
 And for my Crook, in fond Return, repaid.
 'Tis *You* must look!—behold this filken Grove,
 Which with such Skill, my *Phoebe's* Fingers wove!
 See here again, *Ambrosion* with his Lyre,
 And here *Prometheus* stealing Heav'nly Fire!
 Inspect the whole—no Fault can be descri'd,
 —*Palemon* be the Judge, —let *Him* decide!
 As for your Scrip—'tis passing well I own,
 But *Pastorella* fades, where *Phoebe's* known;
 Nor can the Nymph herself this Truth disown.

CORIDON.

By *Pan* I swear, not e'en *Minerva's* Art
 Could to her Work more natural Shades impart
 Than *Pastorella* in this Scrip hath shown!
 —The Fancy, Texture, Labour all her own!
 Be *Palemon* the Judge!—I'll stand my Fate,
 You may repent perhaps, when 'tis too late.
 And take more Care hereafter how you boast
 Your wanton *Phoebe* as the fairest Toast;
 When all th' admiring, gazing *Mantuan* Swains
 Own *Pastorella* Sovereign of the Plains!

DAPHNIS.

Delirious Prater!—*Pastorella* ne'er
 Dur't even think with *Phoebe* to compare!
 —*Palemon*!—Judge—

PALEMON.

—Young Shepherds! both give o'er,
 Dispute with Temper, or dispute no more.
 What boots it, who most vaunts his rural Fair?
 One is sufficient for each Shepherd's Care.
 Since I'm consulted,—hear what I advise.
 —Each Nymph seems fairest, in her Lover's Eyes.
 Desist then here, and quench these Sparks of Rage,
 Which may in Mischiefs unforeseen engage.
 Now drive your Goats a-field, to graze the Plains
 And tuning on your Reeds more gentle Strains,
 Be reconcil'd—and rest, united Swains.



THE Gentle Celestial, whose joys invite!
 Claim Ease by Day, and Love's soft Sports by Night!
 Happy, beneath these Shades you touch the Reed;
 And in Continence spoil the flow'ry Mead.
 Your jolly Reeds, and teasing Ewes appear
 Fit with the Plenty of the smiling Year.

SUMMER,

S U M M E R,

The Second ECLOGUE.

A R G U M E N T.

Alexis, unhappy in a violent and successless Passion for the disdainful *Daphne*, accosts his Friend *Celaden*, towards the Close of a Summer's Eve, with a melancholy Account of his Love-sick Sufferings. *Celaden* gives him some brief Advice; and at last, when Night comes on them, invites the wretched *Alexis* home to his Cottage.

ALEXIS.

TH E E! gentle *Celaden*, what Joys invite!
 Calm Ease by Day, and Love's soft Sports by Night!
 Happy, beneath those Shades you touch the Reed;
 While round, your wanton Kids and Heifers feed,
 And in Confusion spoil the flow'ry Mead.
 Your jolly Rams, and teeming Ewes appear
 Fat with the Plenty of the smiling Year.

No Scenes but Scenes of Bliss, approach your Eyes,
 And Care affrighted from your Presence flies.
 Me!—sad *Alexis*!—Cares alone surround!
 By me no joyous Days, or Nights, are found:
 But Woes on Woes, unnumber'd, storm around!
 My languid Sheep their Shepherd's Sorrows share;
 No more now tended with the usual Care:
 As these their shaggy Coats too well declare!
 What should I do, alas! but wail and pine?
 Since *Daphne* still refuses to be mine.
 Neglected Flocks!—Accuse the scornful Fair
 Who thus ingrosses all your Master's Care,
 And loads his pensive Bosom with Despair!

CELADON.

Alexis! cease—nor blast these peaceful Groves
 With baneful Tunes of thy successless Loves!
 Is this a Season for the Songs of Woe,
 When Mirth and Joy in ev'ry Bosom glow?
 All Hearts but thine, sad Swain! are free from Ill,
 And few can pity, what they do not feel!
 See round yon Maypole how the jovial Band
 Moves to the Lute's sweet Music, hand in hand,
 Behold the Nymphs with flow'ry Chaplets crown'd,
 Whom the glad Youths in Frolick Sport surround.
 Listen—and tho' thus distant plac'd—your Ear
 Their Peals of Laughter, and their Shouts may hear;
 These Scenes *Alexis*, nothing can disclose,
 But tends to Rapture—or to sweet Repose.
 Here only Pleasures dwell!—a smiling Train!
 The Voice of Sorrow suits the barren Plain!

There

There Mourner! seek a Place which fits thy Woes;
 Where frugal Nature no gay Beauty shows;
 No Verdure blooms, nor purling Rivalet flows!

ALEXIS.

Where shall I seek, O *Celadon*!—or find
 A Place so joyless as my Nymph's unkind?
 To sooth her Scorn, or match my peerless Woes,
 No Vows have Pow'r—no wretched Mortal knows!
 Few Desarts are so fruitless or so bare,
 From whence some Prospects may'nt be seen more fair.
 To Griefs like mine, no sportive Views arise,
 Each growing Hour some added Care supplies!
 —*Daphne* still mocks my Complaints, and frowning flies.
 My Lyre, once tuneful—

CELADON.

Oh! ill-fated Friend!
 I guess'd before where this sad Tale would end.
 Experienc'd long,—I know each Maze of Love,
 And all the Windings of the *Cyprian* Grove,
 Where hapless Swains, once enter'd, madly rove!
 In it's wild Labyrinths, REASON'S Force is lost,
 And all the Soul in fond Vexation tost.
 Ev'n Wisdom's Self, here yields to childish Rage,
 Alike in Love, the Idiot and the Sage!
 Small Comfort can I yield your anxious Breast,
 Time will at length allow your Suffering's Rest.
 Here try your Patience!

ALEXIS.

Ah! insulting Swain!
 Patience must first be bought with racking Pain.

Thy

Thy Sorrows past, by Time are wip'd away,
And *Amaryllis* swells thy tuneful Lay!
Her long-sought Charms are now become thy Prize—
—Those Charms, unrivall'd but by *Daphne's* Eyes!

CELADON.

How true, fond Boy, that Love thy Sense disarms,
Since *Amaryllis* yields to none in Charms,
But peerless Beauty ev'ry Feature warms!
Her Name shall echo thro' the vocal Groves,
And feather'd Warblers chaunt our mutual Loves!

ALEXIS.

Too happy Youth! what Raptures swell thy Breast,
Whilst mine by ev'ry Torment is distress?
From Place to Place uneas'd, I frantick rove,
Why? cruel Gods! is there no Cure for Love?
This mellow Reed, which old *Amyntor* gave,
Now hangs neglected, silent as the Grave!
This Pipe which many a Time, in happier Days,
Has fill'd the echoing Vales with jocund Lays,
Now to my languid Voice no longer plays!
My Crook (the Gift of gentle *Polydore*)
With burnish'd Steel imbosc'd, and plated o'er,
No more now guides my tender Lambs to feed,
Or guards my Kids upon the mossy Mead.
My Goats unfolded, and my Flocks unshorn—
My Vines unprun'd by blasting Winds are torn!
My Fruits neglected in Confusion grow
A Prey to Birds above, and Worms below!
My Heifers languish on the burning Plain,
Whilst fond *Alexis* sighs, and sighs in Vain!——

B 2

CELADON.

CELADON.

Cease, plaintive Boy, this unavailing Grief,

Since the coy Damsel still denies Relief.

For see the Sun already paints the West

With saffron Rays, and sinks to *Thetis'* Breast.

The merry Nymphs and Swains have left their Play

— The tuneful Field-Thrush quits the bending Spray,

And ends his Warblings with the finish'd Day.

Each feather'd Songster to its Nest is flown,

And all is gilded by the silver Moon.

I see her Crescent breaking thro' the Sky,

Whilst Clouds around in black Confusion fly.

Thy Grievs unpity'd with those Shades disperse,

Nor longer to the Woods thy fruitless Woes rehearse!

Come hapless Shepherd! lay aside thy Care,

And with me to my blissful Cot repair,

Where Curds, and Nuts, and Cream shall be thy Fare.



AUTUMN.



AUTUMN,

The Third Pastoral Essay.

ARGUMENT.

Lycidas, an *Arcadian* Swain, passionately enamoured of the scornful *Laura*, complains in Soliloquy of her cruel Treatment, and as he raves, sometimes supposes her capable of Pity, sometimes is quite inexorable ;—at last to sooth his Anguish he launches forth into a Detail of the Presents, and the Invitations which he designs to send her. Then he describes the pleasant Situation of his Cottage, and finally devotes it to eternal Solitude, and himself to perpetual Frenzy, if she will not vouchsafe to compassionate his Pangs, and visit him.

BENEATH an Elm, forsaken, and forlorn,
A Shepherd sat, and sung of Vows forsworn;
Of Grievs unpity'd, and of Sighs disdain'd,
And thus to Fauns, and Sylvan Nymphs complain'd,
—Is it then thus, sad *Lycidas* ! at last
That thou art doom'd in ceaseless Care to waste ?

Am.

Am I for this, for manly Strength renown'd,
 To find myself in Love's soft Fetters bound?
 And, cruel *Laura*! must I ever pine
 For what is thine to grant, and only thine?
 Hard-hearted Fair! by Nature's Pow'r design'd
 At once to torture, and to charm Mankind,
 Could'st thou but hear such Misery complain,
 Or be a Witness to but half my Pain—
 Tho' thou wer't wild—of some fierce Tygres's born,
 Or from some Rocks obdurate Entrails torn,
 Pity would sure inform thy yielding Breast,
 And smiling Mercy sooth my Soul to Rest!
 —But ah! what Frenzy seizes all my Brain?
 Think not of Mercy! fond deluded Swain!——
 The firm-fixt Hills shall sooner seek the Void
 Of baseless Air, and Bees with Sweets be cloy'd;
 The Herds on Sea, the Fish on Earth shall rove,
 And Whales and Dolphins haunt the silent Grove;
 The hungry Wolf shall guard the bleating Lamb
 From its safe Pasture stray'd, and fleecy Dam;
 The ravenous Kite shall bill the fearless Dove;
 Ere she forgets to scorn—or I, to love!
 Trust not too much, fair Tyrant, to thy Pow'r!
 That Form where lavish Beauty wastes her Store,
 Those killing Eyes, and each bewitching Grace,
 Inexorable Time will soon efface,
 His Scythe no fond Respect for Beauty shows,
 But Weeds and Flowers promiscuously mows!
 Yet neither Loss of Bloom, or graceful Air
 Shall make thee less thy faithful Shepherd's Care.

Com

Come then, my Goddess! from *Amor's* Groves,
 And meet a Youth, who much more truly loves!
 Approaching Surfeits of thy matchless Charms
 Soon as some newer Face his Bosom warms,
 (As heretofore from *Florinel* he flew
 To fair *Myrilla*, and from her to you)
 Shall move his fickle Soul with fresh Alarms,
 And waft the faithless Rover from thy Arms!
 Fly then to me! thou tender, heav'nly Maid;
 Nor be by him, like *Florinel* betray'd!
 Accept, oh *Laura*! my sincerer Flame,
 Sprung from pure Love, and not a worthless Name.
 Seasons may change, and Spring to Summer yield,
 When every Charm adorns the laughing Field;
 To Summer, withering Autumn may succeed,
 When blighted Leaves bestrew the Sun-burnt Mead;
 To Autumn, Winter's Storms, and joyless Rain
 When Frosts congeal the Stream, and blast the Plain;
 But in my Heart eternal Love shall reign!
 A Cot, I have within the myrtle Shade,
 A fit Retirement for a pensive Maid.
 Near it two lofty Pines their Shade extend;
 Behind, in order, balmy Shrubs descend
 On either Side a mur'mring Rivulet flows,
 And each green Bank, with vary'd Fragrance glows,
 The Daisy, Pink, and breathing Primrose there
 Rise on the Moss, and scent th' ambrosial Air.
 There pale *Narcissus* springs,—the drooping Boy,
 Still bends towards the Stream, which gliding by—
 Reflecting, kindled that pernicious Flame,
 Self-Love, to blast and change his beauteous Frame—
 Shew'd

Shew'd his own Image to his wond'ring Eye,
 And made him clasp in vain the false-deluding Joy!
 —Far happier thou *Narcissus*! who could'st see
 The visionary Form so lov'd by thee—
 —Tho' wretched, better in thy Fate than me!
 Hapless beyond compare, my streaming Eyes
 In vain pursue, whilst scornful *Laura* flies.

But come my Love! approach my fading Bow'rs
 Forget thy Scorn, and crop my tender Flow'rs.
 The Violet and the Rose that scents the Morn,
 Wove in a Garland shall thy Brows adorn.
 Whilst odoriferous Blossoms strew the Ground,
 And all *Arabia's* Incense floats around.
 Besides, within the Bow'r which Woodbines make,
 I'll heap the Turf with Grapes and Country Cake.
 New Curds and Cream, and all my Winter's Hoard
 Of mellow Pippins shall o'erspread the Board.
 With this, fresh Cheese, in boxen Platters plac'd,
 Shall cheer thy gentle Heart, and deck the rural Feast.

Meantime, I'll fondly labour to prepare
 Some Presents worth thy Acceptance of my Fair.
 Two Whelps I have, descended from the Breed
 Of that which guarded *Phaëbus'* Flocks to feed
 When here on Earth, abandon'd by the Gods,
 He sought the Shepherd's Cots, and calm Abodes.
 One, I will keep, my wanton Kids to tend,
 T'other, to *Laura* as a Gift I'll send.
 A Gift—by Numbers sought; which many a Swain,
 And many a Nymph have often begg'd in vain,
 To watch their Herds upon the flow'ry Plain.

Some wicker Baskets too I have, once wrought
 By *Florio's* Hand, whom skilful *Egon* taught,
 In various Checks the phant Twigs are bent,
 And once about their Rims two Borders went
 Of twisted Gold;—but these to *Pan* I gave :
 (An Offering small for what he pleas'd to save
 To my lost Hopes—*Refinda* from the Grave!)
 That Nymph, now gone alas! once caus'd my Woe;
 Tho' she was Brown and thou more fair than Snow!
 —With these, a Stock-Dove, which I lately caught,
 And from my Hand, to feed its Hunger taught,
 Shall court thy kind Acceptance, and procure
 Some Pity for the Anguish I endure.

Take it, and may this Gift an Emblem prove
 Of what I suffer, and how much I love!

Then—when thou hear'st the feather'd Mourner coo,
 And in soft Murmurs strive in vain to woo
 Its absent Mate, and droop its languid Head,
 And hang its Wings,—then think, oh lovely Maid,
 On *Lycidas*, thy sad devoted Swain,
 Sighing unheard upon the burning Plain!

Whilst others press the Grape, or hunt the Hare,

Or in blithe Songs their Harvest-home declare,

I only am the Victim of Despair,

Deep in my Heart is fix'd the raging Pain

Caus'd by thy cruel Scorn, and proud Disdain.

Think of my Pangs, my Constancy, my Love,

And kindly visit this unhappy Grove

This dreary Grave—where once each Sport was seen,

Horror now haunts, Despair, and pensive Spleen—

And shall,—till tender Mercy move thy Breast

To heal my Soul with Smiles, and make me blest!



TRANSLATION

OF

VIRGIL'S Second ECLOGUE.

procul este, Severi!

YOUNG *Coridon Alexis* lov'd in vain;
 The Boy return'd his Passion with Disdain.
 Oft' to the desert Hills alone he fled,
 Or told his Sorrows to the whispering Shade.
 Love's soft Complaints in careless Numbers run,
 Whilst Valleys eccho'd, thus the Youth begun.

Obdurate Boy! regardless of my Pains,
 Deaf to my Sighs, my Songs, and mournful Strains,
 Say! wilt thou never grant a fond Reply?
 Nor ever smile upon me—till I die?
 Whilst I lament, the Flocks enjoy the Shade
 Securely in some cooling Covert laid.
 Nature her freshest Verdure spreads around,
 And Fruits and Flow'rs conjointly deck the Ground.

Now

Now busy *Thestylis* wild Garlick beats,
 To feed our Hinds fatigu'd with Noon-day Heats,
 The thirsty Grasshopper's shrill creaking Voice,
 Disturbs my Ear with an ungrateful Noise ;
 Whilst I pursue your flying Steps in vain,
 Parch'd with the Sun across the dusty Plain.
 —Fool that I was, I better might have born
 The Frowns of *Amaryllis* and her Scorn,
 Or those of young *Menalcas*,—once my Care ;
 Tho' he was black—thou, more than Lillies fair !
 Trust not too much to that precarious Face,
 Insulting Boy !—the Charm shall quickly pass !
 The fairest Blossoms oft' unheeded lie,
 Whilst homelier Herbs the useful Balm supply.
 And whilst *Those* fade, and wither unobserv'd,
These are collected, and with Care preserv'd.

But whence, alas ! am I thus scorn'd by thee ?
 Know'st thou what various Stores belong to me ?
 More than a thousand Lambs, my numerous Breed
 Upon the rich *Sicilian* Mountains feed.
 My Herds, the whole Year round, sweet Milk afford,
 Which from their bagging Udders crowns my Board.
 My Songs all envy !—all my Voice admire !
 —So *Amphion* sung and struck the tuneful Lyre,
 When in *Beotia's* Vales, the melting Sound
 Fixt even savage Brutes attentive round !
 Neither, (if in my Eyes I may confide)
 Am I quite void of natural Charms beside.
 As late, upon the flow'ry Marge I stood,
 When no rude Gale disturb'd the quiet Flood ;

There I impartially survey'd my Face;
 And saw it deck'd, methought, with every Grace;
 Nor shou'd I be afraid, tho' you were by,
 And judg'd our Charms, with *Dorilas* to vie.
 What is it then which thus disgusts thy Love!
 Haste, dearest Boy! with me enjoy the Grove!
 With me my Fruits and humble Cottage share!
 Let us together hunt, and Toils prepare;
 Chace the fleet Stag, and drive the playful Kids
 To flow'ry Pastures, and to verdant Meads.
 When wearied, we'll to some dark Grove retire,
 There sweetly sing, and sweep the sounding Lyre;
 Touch'd with our melting Notes, till *Pan* incline,
 And blushing, owns our Melody Divine!
Pan first with Wax unequal Reeds combin'd,
 This God to Shepherds, and their Flocks is kind,
 Nor think it a small Art the Lute to touch;
Damon would give his Ears to do as much!
 A Pipe I have, which seven Reeds compose,
 Which for its heav'nly Sound *Damas* chose.
 He us'd it living, and in Death, bestow'd
 On me this Gift divine of vocal Wood.
 "Take it he cry'd"—and clos'd his dying Eyes:
 "You who so well can use—possess the Prize."
 —Invidious *Damon* bit his Lips for Spite
 To see the Treasure ravish'd from his Sight.
 Besides, two Fawns, which in the Valley stray'd,
 I slyly caught, and to my Fold convey'd.
 Lightly they bound upon the velvet Plain;
 And twice each Day the Mother's Udder drain.
 On their smooth Coats deep Jet, and shining White
 Are blended, and with seeming Art unite.

These *Thelys* has begg'd upon her Knee,
 Yet these, too cruel Swain! are kept for thee!
 But she shall have them, when again she sues,
 Since you so proudly all my Gifts refuse!
 Come then!—no more torment me with Disdain;
 Consent at last to heal my tedious Pain!
 Behold! the Nymphs despoil th' enamell'd Ground,
 And hold fair Urns with fragrant Lillies crown'd!
 The busy Nāids purple Violets bring,
 With all the rarest Beauties of the Spring!
 Expecting thee each Herb and Flow'r they bind,
 To deck thy Brows, in various Chaplets twin'd!
 Poppies and Roses in deep Jars they bear—
 The dewy Woodbine, and the Jess'mine fair:
 And Sweets ineffable perfume the ambient Air!

With my own Hand, ripe Apples I will chuse,
 Ruddy, and flowing with nectareous Juice.
 I'll gather too sweet Chestnuts of the Grove,
 Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love!
 With these our Banquet shall be plenteous made,
 Whilst bow'ring Laurels, mixt with Myrtles, shade.

But ah! from whence this flattering Dream of Joy?
 This short-liv'd Hope, one Moment shall destroy.
 Fool that I am! who fondly can believe
 Th' imperious Boy my Presents will receive!
 Nay—shou'd I with my All for Favour plead,
 Wealthier *Iolas* would my Pow'r exceed!
 What curst Spell infatuates thus my Brain,
 To fly from Peace in fond pursuit of Pain?

Oh!

Oh! born for Woe! thy wretched Plaints give o'er!
 Sigh thy sad Tale to savage Ears no more!
 The Fawns delight to rove in flow'ry Plains,
 The Nāids in the Streams—in Woods the Swains:
 The hungry Lionness the Wolf devours,
 The Wolf the Kid, the Kid the springing Flow'rs!
 You, coy *Alexis*, *Coridon* inspire
 With all the Agonies of fierce Desire!

In vain I mourn! the setting Sun goes down;
 And all the Labours of the Day are done;
 Yet I still burn!—still ceaseless Torments prove,
 Why, cruel Gods, is there no Cure for Love?
 Whilst fondly thus I rave, my falling Vine
 Half-prun'd, does on the humid Earth recline
 Oh *Coridon*! forget this fruitless Strife,
 And more regard the real Needs of Life!
 Quit all at once this proud ungrateful Boy!
 On rural Arts thy useful Thoughts employ,
 And seek another Love, tho' not so coy!





THE
HAPPY CONTENTION,

A little Pastoral.

DAMON and *Phillis* as they lay,
Reclin'd upon the new-made Hay,
Put Questions, and by turns they spoke,
With Repartee, and harmless Joke:
Now *Damon* claim'd his Right to ask,
And put to *Phillis* this hard Task.

DAMON.

What is the Thing you once did own,
Yet never was or could be known?
That's often bought with Care and Cost
And is no sooner got than lost.
The poor Man's Dow'ry with his Wife,
Scarce kept by Folks in higher Life,
Unus'd it is not worth a Groat,
If us'd it dies as quick as Thought.
A Bawble over pric'd To-day,
To-morrow th' Owner throw't away.
A vain Pretence to something good
Oft mention'd, seldom understood.

A Secret not worth being told ;
 If young it's bad, its worse if old.
 The Virgin's Pride, her Husband's Ail,
 But with it, or without the same,
 It lives upon the Food it hates,
 And severs whensoe'er it mates.
 A piece of Nonfence which we prize,
 That never pleases till it dies.

Tell, *Phillis*, what the Riddle means,
 This Primrose shall reward thy Pains.

PHILLIS.

Ah ! gentle *Damon*, twain in kind,
 With subtle Querk ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ my Mind,
 Can Fish across the Pastures swim,
 Or Cattle graze where Rivers ~~are~~ ^{run},
 Or I, unskill'd in every Art,
 Unfold the Myst'ries of your Heart.

But in return, pray *Damon*, say
 What meant *Corinna*'s other Day,
 When, circl'd by the Nymphs and Swains,
 She sham'd *Amyntor* from the Plains.
 Speak, speak, thou falsest, if you can,
 Says she, and thus her Tale began.

There is a Thing in Shepherd's Breast,
 Which ought to be true Honour's Test,
 Yet oft, too oft, we Maidens find
 It rank, and of the Savage kind.
 A hollow, faithless Round of Sin,
 Spotted without, corrupt within.

Dress'd

Dress'd in a Frown, or in a Smile,
 Wears either only to beguile :
 And is so nat'rally untrue,
 'Twas false to her——and false to you.
 False as the changing Winds at Sea ;
 False to fair *Delia*——false to me.

Ah, *Delia*, hapless in thy Truth,
 Hapless thy Love, hapless thy Youth.
 Thou fell'st a Flow'r in Beauty's Pride ;
 Sweetly thou liv'd'st, and sweetly died.
 Thou liv'd'st a pure untainted Maid ;
 Thou dy'd'st by perjur'd Man betray'd.
 Fed with the Poison of his Tongue,
 Thy wasting Life was dragg'd along.
 Unhappy Maid !——Ah ! turn and see,
 Her Ghost stands beck'ning by yon Tree.

My *Damon* do not think I rail,
 Well, vouch'd, tho' dismal, is the Tale.

DAMON.

Phillis, the Story is not new,
 I wish'd it false, but fear'd it true:
 And that which I have told to thee,
 The same *Amyntor* taught it me.

PHILLIS.

He's poor, they say, has sold his Flocks,
 And dwells forlorn amongst the Rocks :
 Where rav'nous Beasts and Birds of Prey,
 Resort for Shelter in the Day :

D

Where

Where dreadful Howlings do affright
The neighb'ring Villagers at Night.

But thou, my *Damon*, shun his Snarcs,
For Vice brings Poverty and Cares.
By it the Wealthiest are undone,
The Poorest scorn'd and tramp'd on.
Virtue alone contents the Mind:
Virtue is Pleasure much refin'd.

Damon enamour'd, made a Stand;
Then caught, and gently kiss'd her Hand.
She from an Eye of Kindness spoke;
And gave new Joy in every Look.
Each still discovering more and more,
Grew fonder Lovers than before;
From whence an Union did arise,
Known only by the Good and Wise.



THE
FELICITY

BEAU,

An O.D.E.

Inscrib'd to a young Gentleman:

THOU'RT happy Friend, whose whole Design
In Life, is how to make it fine;

Who paints it o'er with all that's gay

To make it lightly pass away.

Thou'rt happier yet, because you know

The Fashions of a blazing Beau,

Force Men, in general, to believe

There's Merit in a well-cut Sleeve.

Not only Men, but Women too,

Fear what so nice a Spark may do,

And by his differing Garments see

How kind, or grave their Looks must be,

Tho' when with you, and drest for Love,
No Female Eye, or Tongue durst move;
For whilst admiring what you say
Your Softness leads their Souls astray.

Poor *Chloe* knows all this is true;
And *Chloe* says worse Things of you.
She says you're cruel, proud, severe,
To shun a Virgin young and fair:
So fair, so soft, so gay, so mild,
And one so easily beguil'd.
But for her Sake, my conquering Friend,
Dress less bewitching, or be kind.

Do but reflect on t'other Day,
Whilst sporting in the new-made Hay,
What sudden Blushes, and what Flocks,
What Colour rose throughout her Cheeks;
The direful Reason shall I tell,
When you approach'd, all Things were well,
Then as you pass'd, she sunk her Head,
Poor *Chloe* for a while was dead.

She knew her Fainting, sigh'd and cry'd,
Look'd like a disappointed Bride;
She blam'd the Man, condemn'd the Maid,
A thousand wretched Things she said;
Blam'd all her Beauty, all her Pride,
And then again she sigh'd and cry'd.

Anon she rais'd her Passions higher,
 Grew raving with extream Desire.
 She wrung her hands, and drain'd her Eyes,
 Invok'd the Gods, impior'd the Skies,
 Cry'd she—ye awful Pow'rs above,
 Ye Gods who've felt the Force of Love,
 Look on a poor unhappy Maid,
 Distracted, slighted, and betray'd.
 O Heavens with my Request comply,
 Teach him to love, or me to die.
 But Pray'rs, nor Vows, nor Gods could move,
 Or her to die, or you to love.

Most happy Friend, who never knew
 What Cupid, or his Darts could do:
 Who can the fairest Nymph defy,
 And banter with the blackest Eye.
 'Tis such, that with a gentle Art,
 Affect the Sense, and win the Heart:
 That draw from Women's haughty Ire,
 Civil Smiles, and meek Desire.
 " For Women born to be controul'd,
 " Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold:
 But vanquish'd with an Art approve,
 They kindly bend, and humbly love.

O'er her blushing Cheek it's spread,
 Would you see the Roses red,
 To her Neck direct your sight,
 Would you see the Lilies white,
 Would you smell the spice of balmy Trees,
 Or Primrose in the morning Dew,
 Or Primrose in the morning Dew,
 Would you smell the violet blue,
 Would you smell the violet blue.

O D E

A N

And now the raised her Pinnions higher,
 Grew raving with exultant Delire.
 Involv'd the Gods, in her long tresses,
 Cry'd she—ye awful Pow'rs above,

Ye Gods who've test'd the Force of Love,
 Look on a poor unhappy Maid, I know not why;
 Distress'd, lighted, and bewitch'd, I stand;
 O Heavens with my Request comply,
 Teach him to love, or more to dread;
 But Pity's, nor Vows, nor Gods could move
 Or her to die, or her to live.

NATURE's the Parent of this whole,
 And Art is fruitful Nature's Soul:
 Nature and Art together join'd,
 Perfect the Body, and the Mind.
 'Tis such, that with a gentle Art
 The direct Reason shall I leave
 Would you smell the Violet blue,
 Or Primrose in the Morning's Dew;
 Or smell the Spice of balmy Trees,
 Then catch them as my Scent breathes,
 "Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold;
 But vandyld with an Art approve,
 Look'd like a dissembling Maid,
 They kindly bend, and softly bend,
 To her Neck direct your Sight;
 Would you see the Roses red,
 Or her blushing Cheek it's spread.

O D E

IV.

When lovely *Deity* makes her Choice
And sings, I hear the Wood-Larks Voice:
Charm'd do I taste the Honey's Sweet,
As our kind Lips together meet.

I touch'd her Breast, and to my Cost
My Freedom was for ever lost:
I lost my Freedom, but retain
A Hope 'twill ne'er be got again.

VI.

Her jaunty Air, and artful Tongue,
Compleat what Nature had begun:
And O, her Eyes too often shew,
That Art comes Hand in Hand with Woe.



O D E.

F L Y to my Arms,
With all your Charms,
Your Charms will give me Rest.

Impatiently

The Hours stay

To see the Lovers blest.

Within yon Grove

We'll coo and love,

Aurelia haste away!

Ne'er heed how drest,

You please me best,

When carelessly you're gay.

Behold that Shade,

By Nature made

For Love's sublimest Sports.

Hark!—on that Tree,

How pleasantly,

The warbling Linnet courts.

W A

See

See all combine

To make us join :

See how the *Zephyrs* play !

Fly to the Grove

My Life, my Love,

My Goddess haste away.

In gaudy Blooms

Bedeck'd she comes,

The Bower ye Nymphs prepare.

Harness your Doves,

Ye little Loves,

For bright *Aurelia's* here.



SONG.



SONG.

I.

CHLOE, who e'er my *Chloe* knows,
The charming laughing lovely Maid,
Bows to the Deity she shews,
In her gay Mien, and easy Tread.

II.

Her arched Brows the Youths ensnare,
And soft Deceits attend her Eyes,
Conceal'd within her flowing Hair,
The cruel, fightless Godhead lies.

III.

Her opening Lips, the Risings shew,
Whence sweet and trickling Pleasure thrills:
There on her Chest, how finely blow,
Two Roses on two snowy Hills.

IV.

Who wanders lower may behold,
Enwapt in Vestments white and nice,
And tempting as deluding Gold,
Wanton *Cupid's* own Device.

I.

SONG.



S O N G.

I.

BLOOMING *Phillis*, coy and fair,
Has long bore sovereign Sway ;
No Nymph assumes a sweeter Air,
When willing to betray.

II.

But when the heedless Train are won,
She leaves them to regret,
Alas, each knows himself undone,
Like Linnets in a Net.


III.

So Winds that oft invite to Sea,
Prove miserable there :
Shifting the Compass Points they flee,
And leave at each Despair.

IV.

But this will let my *Phillis* know,
That (fickle as she is)
The Winds most steadily must blow,
Which waft to th' Port of Bliss.

I.



S O N G.

I.

AT *Pbillis's* Name, O how my Heart beats,
 My Countenance turns, and my Vigour retreats;
 But after the Hurry of Spirits is o'er,
 I smile at the Trance, and revive as before.

II.

Incline, mighty Love, to the Blessing I crave,
 And soften her Rigours, I'll still be her Slave;
 For the Summit of Joy is surely to be,
 Always adoring kind *Pbillis*, and thee.

III.

To *Pbillis* the Love of my Soul I'll impart;
 Fair *Pbillis* shall ever reign Queen of my Heart:
 O Love, gentle God of my happiest Hours,
 Bring Hymen, with *Pbillis*, to me in thy Bow'rs,

1.



S O N G.

NO sooner peeps the rosy Dawn,
Than *Chloe* leaves her Rest :
So *Phæbus* opens to the Morn,
The Glories of the East.

Yet this great Odds I ever find
'Twixt *Chloe*, and the Sun,
The last to all is warm and kind,
But she, cross Girl, to none.

I.

SONG.



S O N G.

I.

TO *Phillis* my Heart I've resign'd,
 Whose Merit is that it was true.
 O, may the poor Offering find,
 In her, what it wish'd for in you.

II.

Tho' she shou'd deny it Relief,
 And treat a true Heart with Disdain,
 Yet, *Chloe*, 'twill soften my Grief
 To see you pursue it with Pain.

III.

But why shou'd I think you so fond,
 To sue for a Thing you deny'd.
 'Cause Nature will make you despond,
 And Envy will push on your Pride.

I.

SONG.



S O N G.

I

BEFORE she betray'd me with Art,
Her Beauty was lost to my Eyes ;
But since sh' as entangled my Heart,
She seizes my Reason as Prize.

II.

I own my fair Mistress with Pride,
And glad of her Service submit ;
Her Knowledge supplies me a Guide,
Her Beauty encreases my Wit.

III.

My Wit, vers'd in all the soft Arts,
Which cherish a pleasing Desire,
And skilful in moving of Hearts,
May set its bright Tut'refs o' fire.

IV.

O, fond of the Notion I live,
In Raptures of Love and Delight,
In Hopes a Day's Slavery will give
Me a heav'nly Freedom at Night.

I.

SONG.



TO
P H I L L I S
SONG.

PHILLIS has ev'ry Grace to please;
And Worth as boundless as her Charms.
Majestick Dignity, with Ease:
And Wit that ev'ry Bosom warms.

II.

Love on her Steps attendant flies,
And all around proclaims her Pow'r;
But, did she less her Title prize,
She wou'd deserve *Dominion* more!

THE

SCARECROW.

NOT *Chloe's* Shape nor thousand Charms,
 Have Pow'r to win me to her Arms.
 unconcern'd behold those Eyes,
 Nor sigh, nor feel the least Surprise.

II.

Her Wit attracts my Soul no more,
 Than all her Beauty did before!
 She sings——whilst Hundreds listen round,
 Unmov'd I hear th' enchanting Sound!

III.

So young, so witty, and so fair,
 As *Chloe*, certainly you are:
 How comes it that my Heart denies
 It's Tribute, and your Sway defies?

F

IV.

IV.

So fair, so witty, and so young,
Is't possible you can do wrong?
Yes *Chloe*!—for you want Good-nature;
And fright away our Hearts with Satyre!

V.

When *We* are by, you slander *others*,
Your Thoughts of *Us*, good Breeding smother.
But when *We* 'are absent—who can swear
We don't come in for Neighbours Fare?



THE Forfaken SHEPHERD,

S O N G.

BY the Marge of a murm'ring Brook,
Sad *Musaphil* sigh'd all alone;
Far off lay his Scrip and his Crook,
And his Lute on the green Turf was thrown.

His Looks spoke him deep in Despair,
And his Breast heav'd with many a Groan;
With Willows he bound up his Hair,
And thus to the Groves made his Moan.

III.

III.

My *Pbillis* has Wit past compare,
 And Charms that a *Cynick* might prize ;
 But ah ! she's as cruel as *Fair*.
 And laughs at the Pangs she supplies.

IV.

In vain I wou'd fly from her Sway,
 And by Absence her Triumphs elude ;
 Wherever my fond Heart can stray,
 There still will her Image intrude.

V.

I thought her as kind as a Dove,
 As gentle and void of all Art ;
 But now to my Sorrow I prove,
 She takes Pleasure to plague a fond Heart.

VI.

Oh *Cupid* ! thy Justice is great !
 This Vengeance for *Lucie*, I find.
 When that Fair-one my Love did intreat,
 I scorn'd her, most coy and unkind.

VII.

The Mourner in vain strove to speak,
 I remember her Sobs interfer'd ;
 At my going, the Tears on her Cheek
 Like Dew upon Roses appear'd !

VIII.

Once *Collin* could weeping complain,
And tunefully mourn a false *She*;
But sure, in the Heighth of his Pain,
He felt no such Torment as me!

IX.

Ye *Eccho's*! go bear her my Song,
Describe me all mourning and true:
And say that her Shepherd ere long
Will pine to a Shadow like you!

X.

Ye *Zephyrs*! that fan these gay *Flours*,
Fly swift with my Sighs to her Ear!
When she finds how I pass my sad Hours,
Perhaps, she'll in Pity draw near!

XI.

Ye *Streams*! as you flow at her Feet,
Let her know that you're swell'd from my Eyes.
Some *Naid* my Anguish repeat,
And bring me the Words she replies.

XII.

Meantime, of the *Jessamine* and *Rose*,
A strong twisted Wreath I'll prepare:
If she comes—it shall deck her sweet Brows,
Or else—put an End to my Care!



XXIId. Ode of *H O R A C E*
 PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

THE Man that's Innocent and Just,
 May safe in conscious Virtue trust.
 This, ev'ry where shall be his Guard,
 His Comforter, and best Reward.

II.

Whether thro' desert Wilds he strays,
 Or roves unarm'd in hostile Ways,
 This, better than the Shield or Sword,
 A sure Protection shall afford.

III.

As late I walk'd the Woods among,
 And of my beauteous *Sylvia* sung;
 Sudden, a savage Wolf I view'd,
 Which fled, as tho' in Chace pursu'd!

IV.

IV.

The ravenous Monster scow'r'd away,
Nor durst on sacred VIRTUE prey.
My Constancy and Truth he fear'd,
And in an Instant disappear'd !

V.

Tho' plac'd on *Greenland's* frozen Shore,
Where never-ceasing Tempests roar :
Or doom'd to *Africk's* burning Plain,
My Faith unalter'd shall remain !

VI.

There *Sylvia* shou'd my Songs inspire,
And tune my sweetly murmuring Lyre.
No Change of Time or Place shall prove,
My Heart unfaithful in its Love !



SOME



SOME

STANZAS

OF

Shakespear's *Venus* and *Adonis*,

Moderniz'd.

perière Cupidinis Arcus
Contemptæque jacent, et sine Luce Faces.

OVID.

I.

THE rising Sun now gilt the purpled East,
 And took his last Leave of the weeping Morn;
 Nature in all her gayest Robes was dress'd,
 And radiant Dew-drops deck'd each shining Thorn.
 When young *Adonis*, as the Morning fair,
 Wak'd to pursue the Chace, his daily Care.

II.

II.

Forth on a Courser faster than the Winds,
 As tow'rd the Scenes of his Delight he rode;
 His Bow and Quiver graceful hung behind,
 And his fair Tresses o'er his Mantle flow'd.
 Thus pass'd the Youth beside the conscious Grove,
 Where panting *Venus* burnt with hopeless Love.

III.

His sole Delight to wind the tuneful Horn,
 (Cold and insensible to Beauty's Charms)
 With jovial Cries he hail'd each rosy Morn;
 Nor felt the pleasing Pain of Love's Alarms.
 Such transient Raptures with Contempt he view'd,
 And laugh'd at *Cupid* like a very Prude!

IV.

Yet, tho' the lovely, careless, roving Boy,
 Disdain'd to reap the Harvest of his Charms;
 Nor knew (thus cold, indifferent, and coy)
 The genial Heat which glowing Nature warms,
 Those Flames he felt not, yet he could inspire,
 And fill'd Love's Goddess with the fierce Desire!

V.

Cytherea, raging with tumultuous Love,
 Full oft had watch'd to meet the Youth alone;
 Vainly she hop'd his Coldness to remove,
 And fire his Heart with Passion like her own!
 Sick with long-wishing now she greets the Boy,
 And tries to lure him to the mutual Joy!

VI.

Oh Youth ! (she cries) in Charms above compare !
 Thou sweetest Flow'r that scents th' enamel'd Plain !
 Thrice fairer than myself — (once deem'd most fair)
 Wish of each Nymph and Envy of each Swain
 Divinest Pattern of great Nature's Skill —
 Pity and loath the Torments which I feel !

VII.

Approach, my Soul's Delight ! dismount thy Steed !
 Reclin'd with me beneath this bow'ring Grove,
 Eager on Pleasure's Banquet let us feed,
 Taste ev'ry Joy — and take our fill of Love !
 Prepare my Charmer to perform thy Part ;
 And let me clasp thee to my panting Heart !

VIII.

Here where no wreathed Serpent darts its Sting
 Upon this fragrant Violet Bank we'll lie ;
 Here blest alike, in amorous Transports cling,
 Whilst gliding Ages unobserv'd pass by,
 Years will seem Moments of too short a Measure,
 When wasted in such Time-beguiling Pleasure.

IX.

Hear'st thou not, Love ? — or can'st thou still refrain !
 Alight thou Wonder ! — haste to my Embrace !
 Oh ! 'stuage this Heat that burns thro' ev'ry Vein,
 And let me kiss those Roses from thy Face.
 I'll never tire, but give thee all thy Due,
 And still unsated the dear Task renew !

X.

Yield me thy Hand, and let me help thee down,
 My Horse's shall hold thy Quiver and thy Spear;
 Far other Weapons must our Withers draw;
 Love's Armament shall suffice there.
 My tender Limbs will soon the Conquest yield,
 And leave thee Master of the Captivous Field.

XI.

Smiling she spoke, and seiz'd his jilky Hand;
 But soon the Youth wither'd with the blissful Joy.
 Ah! me! she cries, ye want doth my Down then stand?
 And art thou still determin'd to be coy?
 Will't thou for ever unsubmit remain?
 And must I still bewail my Pain?

XII.

Ungrateful Love! and dost thou thus requite
 The Passion thou hast burning in these Eyes?
 Thy scornful Beauty ever in my Sight,
 The Nourishment of Love Repose denies!
 For thee I sigh thro' every tedious Day,
 And nightly Longings nick my Soul away!

XIII.

She said, and blushed; but soon the blush was flown;
 A languid Pallor press'd her bloodless Face.
 First red as Roses upon Lawn bestrown,
 Then white as Lilies left in the Roses Place.
 Still the fair Tyrant view'd her with Disdain,
 Unmov'd, and heard her with a Smile, complain.

XIV.

Now sudden—tow'rd the senseless Youth she flew—
 Fir'd with hot Passion, round his stubborn Waste,
 Beneath his Robe her trembling Arms she threw—
 The more he struggled, still she more embrac'd,
 And whilst one Hand close clasp'd his panting Breast,
 'Tother, where Love directed, closer press'd.

XV.

Swift to a rugged Boligh she ties the Reins,
 And snatched Bridle, all imbosc'd with Gold—
 And oh! she cries, Compassionate my Pain!
 And let me press thee in an amorous Hold—
 In vain she cries!—the sudden forward Boy
 Struggles to fly; and flouts the proffer'd Joy!

XVI.

But now all red and hot as glowing Fire,
 Her furious Wishes burning weak Restraint
 Made strong with Indignation and Desire,
 She scorns the feeble Force of fond Complaint
 Down to the Earth she casts him from the Steed,
 And with him falls upon the tusk'd Mead.

XVII.

There,—as an Eagle long without his Prey,
 Seizes at last by Chance the trembling Dove—
 Thus on the panting Youth the Goddess lay,
 And covers with Kisses to assuage her Love,
 Still as he turns, her eager Lips pursue,
 And where they end their Task—begin anew.

XVIII.

Close to her Bosom now he clasps his Breast,
 While her moist Hand o'er all his Beauties strays,
 So near her Blessings, yet so far from Sleep,
 She winds, and moves, and turns a thousand Ways:
 At length enraged she tore his Robes away
 And in his naked Arms dissolving lay
 To reap those Sweet Rewards which Love bestows.

XIX.

Now girt within the very Lits of Love
 Her raging Vels with Flames impetuous glow,
 And oft she sigh'd, and oft successful strove
 To force that Blessing which she sought to know,
 But vain each Motion of her wanton Hand
 The languid Rebel mock'd the soft Command.

XX.

Froward in Manhood's Prime, the Rapid Swain
 Unmov'd with Wines bore her amorous touching,
 Now, white like her he seems, with fierce Desires
 Now red with Shame, and like a Maiden blushing.
 Look how he can, she cannot chide but love,
 Nor will she ever from his Arms remove.

XXI.

No Love-sick Plaiter e'er was wont to be
 Of prying Shepherds, or soft yielding Maids,
 But the two hapless Goddesses were to be
 And to the Youth in tenderest Notes convey'd
 Still is he cold—ah! not so far than Snow
 For that would melt, if it were handled so.

XXII.

Look up, she cries—thou dear obdurate Boy!
Behold at least these Charms thou do'st disdain;
See in my Eyes these Tears that sue for Joy,
And ah! behold them, how they sue in vain!
What God is there, that would not be my Slave,
To reap those Sweets which thou shalt freely have?

XXIII.

How many Youths, and Heroes of Renown
Have I led fetter'd in my rosy Chains;
To them my Smile was Life—but Death my Frown;
And one sweet Kiss well recompens'd their Pains.
Yet, if grown kind at length, I granted more,
How wou'd they worship what they lov'd before!

XXIV.

The blooming God of War, victorious Mars,
To be Possessor of these slighted Charms;
Forlook his martial Joys, forgot the Wars,
And the rude Clangor of discordant Arms;
Thus as I fold thee now, he once was prest
And thought the capricious Pressure made him blest!

XXV.

But thou—too lovely Image! painted Joy!
Deluding Simblance that ensnare my Love;
Thou spurn'st these Beauties, which I fondly covet;
Nor find one With thy leant Vigour move.
Must then so sweet a Flow'r together'd die?
Oh tell me Charms!—if thou can'st reply!

XXVI

Were I but conscious that I wanted Grace,
 Or Beauty's Aid, soft Wishes to inspire,
 Then shou'd I weep my own hard-favour'd Face,
 Nor at my Love's Indifference thus admire!
 But, as I am—the Queen of Love and Charms,
 Why art thou languid in my folding Arms?

XXVII.

Look o'er my Form, and see if thou can'st spy
 One Flaw to justify thy rude Disdain!
 Am I not fair?—Joy dances in my Eye,
 And all the Graces are among my Train!
 Beauty ne'er-fading all my Frame adorns,
 Yet cold *Adonis* all that Beauty scorns.

XXVIII.

If thou wilt ask it kindly, thou shalt hear
 Notes sweeter far than grace the *Dryad's* Song,
 Soul-melting Strains shall die upon thine Ear:
 Such Strains as to my joyous Rites belong,
 Love'st thou the Dance?—we'll skim the painted Mead,
 And not a Stalk shall bend beneath our Tread.

XXIX.

Why art thou mute? no Witnesses are by
 To watch our Joys, or amorous Sighs to hear!
 These blue-vein'd Violets whereon we lie
 Cannot find Tongues, or Tales of Scandal bear!
 The meeting Myrtles in this arched Grove
 Are us'd to shade the Votaries of Love!

XXX.

XXX.

Look round and feel—*all Nature sure conspires!* I *W*
 To quell thy Doubts; and thy fond *Beats* remove; *O*
 The breathing *Zephyrs* wait to fan our *Fires*, *T*
 And *Beauty* bids thee give a *Look* to *Love*, *N*
 No Noise shall *Disturb* our *Transports* to surprise; *B*
 Or check the *thrilling Raptures* as they rise! *W*

XXXI.

All else that *I* can *pray* to; *grants my Pray'r*, *L*
 Thou only of *all Nature* art *unkind*; *O*
 Can'st see me weep, yet leave me to *Despair*, *A*
 To *Tears* *reckless* and to *Beauty* *blind*, *A*
 Sadly *Immortal*—*I* must still *complain*, *B*
 Nor ev'n in *Death*, find *Refuge* from my *Pain*! *Y*

XXXII.

Wert thou a *Man*, or had'st thou *Sense of Grief*, *I*
 Thy *Heart* must *pity*, if it cou'd not *love*, *N*
 Humanity wou'd dictate my *Relief*, *S*
 And *meer Compassion* my *Distress* remove!—*B*
 But *Mis* then'st none, tho' deck'd with *manly Beauty*, *C*
 For *Males* by every *Instinct* do their *Duty*. *A*

—desunt cetera.

Why art thou mute? no *Whisper* art thou
 To watch our *Love*, or *whisper* art thou
 To *plunge* our *Love*, or *whisper* art thou
 To *plunge* our *Love*, or *whisper* art thou
 To *plunge* our *Love*, or *whisper* art thou
 To *plunge* our *Love*, or *whisper* art thou
 To *plunge* our *Love*, or *whisper* art thou
 To *plunge* our *Love*, or *whisper* art thou

XXX

XXX

III.



Let Awa plant her choicest Flow'rs :
Whilst the gay Sky-Lark with his strain
Begins the Hymn.

IV.

W I S H,

At Distance show the joyful Field,
Near the wife Swain Contentment leads;
Where Ceres her ripe Tresses yields
To Writings.

V.

In Imitation of Mr. POPE's Ode
on SOLITUDE.

I.

G R A N T me ye Pow'rs some blest Retreat,
Bedeck'd with kind embow'ring Shade,
Where murmuring Waters, clear and sweet,
Refresh the Glade.

II.

Where on his airy Pinions born,
Cool Zephyr sports among the Trees ;
There let me sit at rising Morn
To think at Ease.

H

III.

III.

Around, upon th' enamell'd Plain
Let *Flora* plant her choicest Flow'rs :
Whilst the gay Sky-Lark with his Strain
Beguiles the Hours.

IV.


At Distance shew the fruitful Fields,
Where the wise Swain Contentment learns ;
Where *Ceres* her ripe Treasures yields
To stock my Barns.

V.

Grant me an Orchard too, and Cot
Where Plenty, without Pomp presides :
While near my little chosen Spot
A Rivulet glides.

VI.

Here let me all my Life employ :
Happy, beyond the Reach of Care :
And to compleat my boundless Joy
Bring *Sylvia* there !



CONSCIENCE,

O D E,

In Imitation of the late Earl of Rochester.

*Hic Murus aëneus esto,
Nil confite sibi: nulla pallescere Culpa:*

Hor.

VII.

Conscience! thou native Guide of human Kind!
Thou faithful Compass to the wandering Mind!
Which, led by thee, the Port secure may find!

VIII.

Long tost by Storms of Horror, and Despair,
On Seas of Doubt, thro' Gulphs of gloomy Care,
The foud'ring Wretch by thee, forgets his Fear!

III.

Thy Law thro' ev'ry Age is still the same ;
Th' internal Umpire to applaud, or blame ;
Impartial Tongue, whence Flattery never came !

IV.

Since Time's first Dawn thy pow'rful Voice prevail'd,
Thy Threats gave Torture, and thy Smiles dispell'd !
Heard by the Deaf, and by the Blind beheld !

V.

Author of fiercest Anguish !—sweetest Peace !
Endow'd with Pow'r to damn, or Skill to bless—
Exalted Vice, or Virtue's last Distress !

VI.

Sole from thy Frown proceeds the guilty Fear
That starts and trembles, tho' from Peril clear :
But oh ! thy Smiles the deepest Gloom can cheer !

VII.

Shrewd Commentator on each inmost Thought,
Thou see'st each Spring which its first Motion taught,
Can'st praise the Merit, or condemn the Fault !

VIII.

Record ! where ev'ry our Wills transcribed are ;
Where in their genuine Colours all appear !
—To Virtue, Rapture !—But to Vice, Despair !

IX.

Bright in-born Sun, whose Beams conspicuous shine
Alike, rude *Indian*, in thy Breast,—or mine :
The stedfast Rule of Right, and never-failing Line !

X.

In vain the Wicked strive to exclude thy Ray ;
Subtle as Lightning, thou can'st find a Way :
Dispel the Mists, and shock the Soul with Day !

XI.

Thou art the Northern Star, by which to steer,
Is Peace hereafter—lasting Comfort here !

Not all the Joys of Sense afford a Bliss so dear !

XII.

Celestial Tutor ! from all Bias free,

Whom, (tho' thro' different Opticks) all Men see.
—Soul, Truth, Law, Reason, center all in thee !





THE

ART of PLEASING.

In Imitation of the celebrated Mrs. *Katherine Phillips*.

" Jam prope, nec te venturas differ in Horat
" Qui non est bodie, cras minus aptus erit."

OVID.

WOULD you attain the precious Art
 Of winning Love from ev'ry Heart,
 With Candour view the Rules I give,
 And (if you think them just) receive.

First with equal Care avoid
 The Paths of Meanness, or of Pride.
 Worth is best, when plainest shown,
 And needs no Splendor but her own.
 Like a modest Virgin, she
 Charms by meer Humility.

The

The Maid, in native Beauty drest,
Creates Applause in ev'ry Breast,
And in the humblest Garb array'd
Out-glitters Jewels and Brocade,
But—if Plainness charms the View,
Neatness is material too.
So he alone will truly please
Who mixes Dignity with Ease,
And can this Character obtain
Of being neither base, nor vain.

Upon Religion ground your Plan,
First serve your God, and after, Man!
There is a Virtue drest in Smiles:
Balm of our own, and others Toils.
A Virtue, which by all is known,
And yet but few can call their own;
Which keeps the Bosom still serene,
And is the Opposite of Spleen!

Good-Nature! thou most welcome Guest
That ever dwelt in mortal Breast,
Shed thy soft Influence on my Heart,
And let me feel, what I impart!

Where'er this loveliest Grace appears
There gentle Charity indears!
United from the Heav'ns they came,
And only differ in the Name.
Thrice happy the Seraphic Breast
Dispos'd by this to ceaseless Rest.

Seek it all ye who strive to please !
 The Ways of gaining it are these :
 When in the Soul Resentments swell
 (For where does Peace eternal dwell ?)
 Be mute—till you can calm advise,
 And to your Foe superior rise !
 He soon your Prudence shall commend,
 And from your Foe, become your Friend.
 Then—muse upon some softer Theme
 And let your Rage seem all a Dream !

When Crowds assemble to deride,
 Keep thou on the Benignant side !
 Wit that without Discretion flies
 Makes fewer Friends than Enemies :
 And he who shines in Ridicule
 Provokes, but seldom mends a Fool !

Envy, that Bane of social Life,
 At once the Nurse and Child of Strife,
 Shun as you wou'd some dire Disease
 That ne'er allows a moment's Peace !
 If in your Soul, some poisonous Seeds
 Of this dark Weed, which Rancour breeds,
 You lurking find—expel with Haste,
 And root the *Dæmon* from your Breast !

Accustom your pure Heart to view
 All Mortals, as ally'd to you ;
 And think each Member of the Race,
 Born to its Glory, or Disgrace.

(865)

Blest with this sacred Turn, your Mind
In other's Joy, it's own shall find :
Shall see with Tears a Friend's Distress,
And smile at Heart for his Success.
So shall you live esteem'd, ador'd ;
And die, by all the World ador'd !



THE



THE
POET *and his* PATRON

A

F A B L E

—*Non omnia possumus omnes.*

VIRGIL.

WITH mighty Caution, Care, and Pain,
The Summit of Fame's Hill we gain;
But, by the least false Step o'erthrown,
With wond'rous Ease and Speed roll down.

'Tis hard our proper Depth to know;
How far our Skill and Genius go:
And (as a * Poet thoroughly read,
In Nature's Works) before has said.

* Mr. Pope.

All might their Districts well command ;
 Wou'd they stick where they understand !

The School-Boy thus, just learn'd to swim,
 Will needs wade further in the Stream.
 Not pleas'd to dabble near the Shoar,
 He strives forsooth to venture o'er :
 And rashly the safe Ford forsaking,
 Oft' suffers in the Undertaking.

A jocund Bard, of Vein satyric,
 Had a good Turn enough for Lyric :
 Some Epigrams and Songs he wrote,
 Lampoon'd some foolish Folks of Note :
 And had so long amus'd the Town,
 His Praise was into Fashion grown.
 No Critic yet cry'd down his Merit—
 The Man had Wit—and wrote with Spirit.
 Contented with what Fame he got,
 He seem'd to wish no happier Lot.

One Day, a Great One of the Nation,
 (Who dearly lov'd a Dedication,
 To sooth his Pride, and—shew his Station.)
 Paid him a Visit.— “ *Frank*” (says he)
 “ Why do'st not write a Comedy ?”
 “ A Comedy ! my Lord ?—of what ?”
 “ Oh !—I'll engage to find a Plot !”

'Tis well.—The scandalous Tale's unfolded,
 Characters drawn, and Action moulded.

With smutty Quibbles, not a few,
Some old vamp'd Wit,—a little new:
“ I'm sure (his Lordship cries) 'twill do!”

Before a thronging Audience play'd,
A Clap ensu'd, at each Word said:
If any, only some faint Hisses
From Whores *incog.*—and prudish Misses.
True, it was tawdry, but 'twas witty,
And ev'n the Ladies own'd it—pretty.

An Epilogue, (by my Lord's Directions,
Well stuff'd with personal Reflections;
A Sneer or two, against the Beaus,
Relating to their Airs, and Clothes,)
Compleat the Triumph of the Piece,
Was ever Comedy like this!
Each Wit admires, or—strives to show it,
And all congratulate the Poet.

Puff'd with this Storm of vain Applause,
He dares, himself, to point out Flaws;
And wonders, this so entertains,
Which cost him such small Care and Pains.
But secretly the raptur'd Elf
Cry'd—“ sure I did not know myself!”
Resolv'd howe'er, the World shall know him,
He plans a fine heroic Poem!
My Lord consulted—likes it much;
But—“ Here and there, *Frank*—you'll retouch!”

At length complicated, out it comes,
 Each Line rolls big, with Trumps and Drums,
 blood, Dust, and Wounds, and warlike Rattle,
 love, and the Hero of the Battle!

Who wrote it?" (all the wiflings cry.)

Frank Triplett!—then 'fore Gad, I'll buy!"

The first Edition thus, went well,

But for the second,—'twou'd not sell.

What can the Reason be?—I know not!

It can't be Frank's sure!—does he own it?"

Nay some bold Curs cry'd—"out upon it,"

And wish'd he had stuck to Song and Sonnet.

The Town grow cooler in its Praises;

And Frank perceiv'd some sneering Faces.

Howe'er,—not daunted in the least,
 He learns to "*scorn their wretched Taste;*"
 And pities (now so partial grown)
 The People's Ignorance—not his own.

Even his noble Friend and Patron
 Censures the Work—(as some chaste Matron,
 Whose Arts have made a Virgin trip
 Scolds, and condemns her for the Slip.)

All I can say Frank," (cries my Lord)

Is,—you mistook, upon my Word.

But if you'll yield to my Direction,

Chuse out some fam'd historic Action.

To Tragedy your Genius bend,

And make fair Liberty your End!

Fir'd

" Fir'd with that noble *British* Theme,

" Pursue,—and re-instate your Fame!"

" 'Tis done, my Lord!"—the Subject's chosen;

But ah! each Line runs cold and frozen.

Quite from his Element soars the Bard;

The Thoughts are far-fetched, strain'd, and hard!

The Stage receiv'd the Load, 'tis true,

But all in vain—it would not do.

Murmurs and Hisses blast each Verse,

" Sad!" (cry the Criticks)—" worse and worse!"

In short, his Merit all o'erthrown,

His Play's condemn'd,—he's quite run down,

And hiss'd and damn'd, flies out of Town!



AN
ESSAYS
ON
SATIRE.

In Imitation of the late Duke of *Buckingham*.

Mille Hominum Species.

PERSIUS.

OF all who strive in Satyr's Sphere to shine,
How few within just Bounds their Flight confine:
Or the true Purpose of their Task divine?
If it consisted in Abuse alone,
Mevius might charm—and *Bavius* claim Renown.
But such, how vain! good Satyrists with Art,
Heal while they wound, and sting, to mend the Heart
Like delicate and dextrous Bleeders, these
Make nice Incisions for the Mind's Disease;

Yet do their Work with such judicious Skill,
 Their Patients ~~can see the Points they feel~~
 These—like our common Hangmen seem to stand
 In Features dire, with murderous Plume in Hand.
 Prepar'd with Joy to crush each rising name;
 And strew with Slaughter all the Fields of Fame!
 Furious they drag poor Culprits to the Press,
 And with eternal Obloquy oppress.
 Merit, in such, for ever meets with Foes;
 But smile ye virtuous!—they themselves expose!

Nor is it yet true Satyre to proclaim,
 The flagrant Vice that blots one single Name.
 Twixt those who libel, and who satirize,
 Tho' seldom thought of, mighty Difference lies.
 The Works of those who thus malignly toil
 Thrive most, like Nettles in a barren Soil.
 When such low Insects set themselves to write,
 They owe the Man, and not the Fault a Spite.
 But real Wits proceed with ampler Views:
 And thro' Mankind their useful Spleen diffuse!
 The Works of these, like Roses, sweetly breathe,
 And charm us, tho' w're stung by Thorns beneath.

Neither can it be call'd satyrick Pow'r,
 To note what all the World has known before.
 Wou'd it be Novelty to tell the Croud
 That *Simon* is malevolent and proud?
 To say that *Clodio* is a senseless Clod,
 Or *Abdiel* looks on *Mammon* as his God?
 Such little Spleen small Share of Wit does ask,
 Nor honours him who undertakes the Task.

But

It, to hit off a dubious Character,
 And make it in its proper Light appear;
 To draw a genuine Picture of the Mind,
 Unveil the Soul, and shew the Flaws behind,
 Is not the Work of ev'ry Scribbler's Quill,
 But of true Genius nobly tasks the Skill.

The failing Side of some mixt Soul to show:
 Where Faults and Virtues all promiscuous grow.
 Like Weeds and Flow'rs which frequently abound
 For want of Care upon one Spot of Ground,
 To find by weighing in an equal Scale,
 If Vices, or if Merits must prevail:
 And which predominates, or those or these,
 This is true Satyre, and must ever please.

Behold young *Appius*! whose unequal Frame
 Is such a Medley that it wants a Name;
 Nor can one justly either praise, or blame.
 To say he has no Merit, were unkind;
 But to o'erlook his Errors, wou'd be blind:
 Even his Foes can't call him Fool—and yet
 None but rank Flatterers will laud his Wit.

All Men by Nature's Providence are fraught
 With Genius equal to a certain Lot;
 And ev'ry one might due Respect command,
 Did he his proper Talents understand;
 But oft it happens, (so perverse is Man!)
 We disconcert th' above judicious Plan.

And he whom Pow'rs Celestial form'd t' appear
 To great Advantage in his destin'd Sphere—
 Will needs assume a different Character.
 Thus we may see the Home-bred Country Squire,
 Aukwardly ape the Colonel's martial Fire.
 The Soldier, born for Wars and Feats of Arms,
 Affects to languish—sighs from Love's Alarms,
 And scrawls a Sonnet on *Corinna's* Charms ;
 Whilst in Return the feeble whey-fac'd Beau,
 Swaggering—*liffs* out a warlike Oath or two ;
 And vows Perdition on his *absent* Foe !
 The Man of moderate Sense—but unimprov'd,
 To imitate the Scholar's Depth is mov'd.
 Thus falsely aiming, his weak Side exposes,
 And the small Credit which he had—he loses.
 The Scholar next proves indiscreet ;—for he
 (Who well-esteem'd in his own *Set* might be)
 Must shew his Knowledge in each Company.
 His Pedantry displeasing, he thinks fit
 To mimic Humour, and set up for Wit ;
 Finds out a latent Genius—and to shew it,
 Feeds the glad Critics with a wretched Poet.

So *Appius*--who has more convers'd with Books than Men,
 Not only talks in a pedantick Strain
 Of what he has read—but thinks he's qualified,
 In each Debate, to argue and decide ;
 And like Sir *Hudibras*,—in a Dispute
 Will shift from Side to Side, yet *still confute* !
 So very prone to give his Learning vent,
 He likes not Food so well as Argument ;

And

And apt to blame all Notions but his own,
 He rather dictates in a Censor's Tone,
 Than makes his Sentiments with Meekness known.
 This Manner, tho' the Truth confess appear,
 Gives Indignation to the Wise that hear,
 And must offend, in general, ev'ry Ear.
 For tho' the Maxim in itself be just,
 This Method of enforcing will disgust!
 Mortals by Nature a Repugnance feel,
 Against those Tyrants whose dogmatick Will
 Wou'd o'er their Minds exert a lawless Sway,
 And by meer Force make Reason's Pride obey!
 Such Folks, their Doctrines, just like Edicts give,
 As tho' their Audience durst not disbelieve;
 And by these Means, as many Convicts make,
 As Priests do Converts, by their Fire and Stake.
 For tho' in Battle, those who best can fight
 By Strength of Arms, may put their Foes to Flight,
 In verbal War, the Case is different quite!

But, if the *truest* Tenet, when maintained,
 Shou'd be with courteous Modesty explained;
 How shall we laugh sufficiently at those,
 Who *false Opinion's* haughtily disclose?
 When Diffidence in talking makes a Trip,
 We rather pity than condemn the Slip.
 Good-nature favours the meek Man's Disgrace,
 And hastes his scatter'd Spirits to replace;
 But if the hardy Prater, who relies
 Sole on himself, and all the World defies,
 (As frequently it happens) proves absurd,
 Exulting Shouts of Joy around are heard!

With Triumph we th' imperious Fool detect,
And endless Shame is what he must expect!

Thus *Appius* errs, and fancies he's admired,
When all his sick'ning Auditors are tir'd;
And tho' their sullen Silence he surveys,
His Pride mistakes it for a tacit Praise.
Too much corrupted by the pedant Rules
Of learned *Dunces*—*Appius* thinks all Fools
Who have not studied Reason in the *Schools*,
As tho' no Men were blest with common Sense,
Cou'd act with Virtue, talk with Eloquence,
But those dull Things who in a Cloister pore,
And tumble musty Volumes o'er and o'er.
While the pale midnight Taper's Rays bestow,
Just Light enough the Scene's deep Gloom to show.

Ill-grounded Notion!—as if Books alone
Could make a Genius where the Gods made none!
As tho' fair Nature's Charms were in Disguise,
Or veil'd to all but *Philosophick* Eyes;
And (like th' imprison'd Nun) decreed to be
Alone enjoy'd by the *Fraternity*!
Or, as if none in talk cou'd bear a Part,
But those who have the shrewd *Logician's* Art!

*Tis Madness all! and in the vaulted Cell
Such raving Sages shou'd for ever dwell.
There—(by the glimmering Lamp's dim Twilight) wear
A tedious Life away in fruitless Care:
Till to their parent Clay in some dark Urn,
Unmis'd and unlamented they return!

For tho' true Genius never can shine *brigh*
 (Like the best Gem) without *some* borrowed light,
 Yet has it such a Lustre of its own,
 That unassisted, it can charm alone!
 Learning is but the Setting to the Stone;
 And Study—(howso'er we ruminate)
 May improve Wit, but never can create.

In fine—(thy Portrait *Appius!* to compleat)
 Had'st thou three times thy Virtue, Sense and Wit,
 All wou'd be cancell'd by such Self-Conceit!
 As Sinners strive by Zeal their Vice to hide,
 So Fools wou'd cloak their Ignorance in Pride:
 And both misled, by this short-sighted Skill,
 Full oft betray the Faults they wou'd conceal.
 Ill-fated *Appius* thus, with wond'rous Care
 Has learnt—to be a Nuisance ev'ry where!
 Had he a vulgar Education known,
 The *Coxcomb* might have been an *honest Clown!*
 If worse brought up—he'd seem much more well-bred,
 And with but half his Reading—better read!

Some Things there are, of such an *obscure* Race,
 That Satyr's keenest Railery can't disgrace;
 Who ought to thank the Bard (that makes 'em Tools
 To work with, and exemplify his Rules).
 And whom he honours, whilst he ridicules.

As the worst Filth conceal'd in Jakes reclusc,
 If rightly manag'd may be put to Use;
 And well expos'd by an instructed Hand,
 May serve to improve a barren worthless Land,

To salutary Culture long diffus'd;
So are these Slaves by Satyrists produc'd,
At once of Service to the Publick made,
And rescued from th' Oblivion they might dread!

• • • • •
• • • • •
Desiderantur multa.

In fine—(thy Poem, I say, to complete)
Hadst thou three times thy Verse, Sense and Wit,
All would be cancell'd by such Self-Censor!
As Sinners thrive by Selfish Vice to hide,
Fools would cloak their Ignorance in Pride;
And both misled, by this most lighted Skill,
Will oft pervert the Poet's true world-counsel.
I-ated Nature thus, why wouldst thou Censor
thy where?
Hadst thou a vulgar Heart, I might have said,
The Censor might have been much more well-bred,
Wrote brought up—hadst thou much more well-bred,
And with but half his Skill, I might have read!



Some Tunes
that Satyrists
who ought
to work with
and whom he hono
As the worst Flish conceals in Lakes reclus
highly misus'd may be put to Use;
And well expos'd by an instructed Hand,
May serve to improve a barren worthless Land;
To